



Our Local Markets.

Following are the prices paid by our merchants and dealers for the products named:

Butter	16c
Eggs	12c
Potatoes	35c
Spring Chickens	7c
Fat cattle on foot	2 1/2 to 3 1/2
Hogs, alive	31 1/2 dressed
Sheep	3 to 4
Wheat—white	60c Red
Rye	40c
Oats—new	22c
Corn	35c

Additional Local.

School closed in Paw Paw during the street fair.

E. B. Longwell has a new bargain adv. in this paper.

Broughton advertises a fall opening of seasonable merchandise.

B. M. Luce expects to go to Otsego this week, to make his home with his son there.

Henry Hopping and family are expected here from Chicago this week, to make this place their future home.

Mrs. Thomas Solomon has nearly completed the repairs on her residence, and now has one of the neatest homes in the village.

Ben Wilkes, Jr., owned by Mrs. Albert Grout, was first premium as both lady's and gent's single driver at the street fair last week.

The street fair was a great success and Sellick's cloak sale kept pace with the fair. He continues to advertise the attractions of this department.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells Raleigh celebrated their golden wedding last Monday evening, being assisted in the celebration by a company of friends and neighbors.

There are now 119 pupils enrolled in the high school, of whom 50 are non-residents. The total number of non-residents in all departments is 59. The average percentage of attendance in all departments during September was 98, and there were only 10 cases of tardiness.

The wonderful blind pianist, Edward Baxter Perry, whose delightful recital at the Longwell opera house a few years ago is so pleasantly remembered by lovers of music, is making a tour through the West and will visit Paw Paw during the second week in November. The exact date has not yet been fixed, but we hope to announce it in our next issue. We bespeak for him a most flattering reception.

The prohibitionists of Van Buren county held their convention at Lawrence on Friday of last week and placed in nomination the following ticket: For representative, W. L. Stein of Bloomingdale; for sheriff, Gilbert F. Taylor of Lawrence; for county clerk, S. B. Nash of Gobleville; for county treasurer, L. J. Sherrod of Bangor; for prosecuting attorney, C. A. Salyer of Lawrence; for circuit court commissioners, W. F. Hall of Hartford, E. W. Clement of Gobleville; for coroners, Jared Prichard of Hartford, Hiram Crawford of Arlington. At the same time and place a senatorial convention was held and A. B. Palmer of Bangor was nominated.

In Justice Court.

Before Justice Rowland, on Monday last, Frank Adams, a traveling tin typer, pleaded guilty to having committed an assault and battery on the person of one O. J. Stafford, a colored boy from Bangor. Investigation showed that it was not an aggravated case, and Adams was let off with a five dollar assessment, which he promptly paid.

On the same day, before the same magistrate, Adelbert Blanchard of Lawton pleaded guilty of having been drunk and disorderly on Saturday last, in this village. He was ordered to pay \$8.70 for his foolishness or to spend ten days with Sheriff Lamberson. He was committed to jail, but his father came to his rescue as soon as practicable and paid the shot for his erring son.

On the same day, before the same justice, Frank Ashton acknowledged that he had been drunk and disorderly on the streets at Lawton. He was requested to leave \$9.70 with the court, but not having that much money on hand he was committed to jail, where he will have ten days in which to repent of his folly.

Saturday last, Myron B. Church of Antwerp was arraigned before Justice Mason on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. He pleaded guilty and was asked to pay the sum of \$5.45 or to take fifteen days free board at the county bastille. He chose the latter alternative and is "doing time."

Before the same court, on Monday last, Tilford Morton of Waverly pleaded guilty of a similar offense and was given exactly the same dose as was meted out to Church. He chose to pay rather than to serve.

On the same day, in the same court and for a like offense, William Swartwout of Arlington was arraigned and pleaded guilty. His honor let him down easy, asking him to deposit \$5.45 or to go to jail ten days. He paid.

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded in the office of the register of deeds during the week ending September 28:

Judith H Rowland to Abram Daxton; lots 7, 8 and 9 blk 11 Lawrence; \$200.
C G Hagerman to village of Paw Paw; und 1/2 mineral springs lot; \$200.

Mary J Finley to village of Paw Paw; same as last above; \$200.

Anna Robertson to W H Robertson; s w 1/4 s e 1/4 9 Keeler; \$1,500.

Laura Ingraham to H W Burkholder; n e 1/4 n w 1/4 24 Columbia; \$1,800.

Uzziah Conger to Ellen B Avery et al; par vill South Haven; \$1,000.

Jennie Matthews to J H Hinckley and w; lot 5 blk 19 Paw Paw; \$350.

C J Monroe et al to S H Hamlin; lots 11, 12 blk 44 South Haven; \$400.

A M Prouty to M D Kingston; lots 9 and 10 South Bangor; \$100.

Flora Steel to Geo Morrow; lot 2 blk B O'Rourke's add Decatur; \$40.

Phoebe C Brown to Moses Struble; e 20 s 1/4 s w 1/4 12 Covert; \$800.

R E Norwood to C B Foster; s w 1/4 s e 1/4 3 Decatur; \$625.

Mattie J Hopkins to C W Moon; s e 1/4 n w 1/4 34 Porter; \$600.

Platt Streeter to Mary B Streeter; s 1/4 n 1/2 n w 1/4 and s w 1/4 n w 1/4 32 and s 1/2 n e 1/4 31 Porter; \$1,000.

A T Traver to Margaret Traver; pt lots 3 and 4 Bridges' add Hartford; \$350.

J C Hare to Anthony Martin; lot 1 blk 4 Stratton's add Hartford; \$1,300.

I J Brott to Eugenia Balfour; lot 11 blk 1 Paw Paw; \$275.

Hattie E Hamilton to G E Williams; 1/2 s e 36 Lawrence; \$1.

C J Monroe et al to J F Jones and w; e 1/2 s w 1/4 s w 1/4 3 Covert; \$800.

D D Chapman to A C Chapman; lot vill Bangor; \$500.

D D Chapman to A C Chapman; lots 3 and 6 Cross' add Bangor and w 1/2 n e 1/4 10 Arlington; \$1,000.

G C Williams to S M Hamilton; s 32 a w 1/2 n w 1/4 31 and 1/2 s e 36 Paw Paw; \$1,200.

W B Myers to R S Chappell; lot 9 blk 4 Lacota; \$50.

Mary K Barnaby to A D Robinson; s 1/2 n w 1/4 8 Keeler; \$1,600.

J P Thomas to J P Hall and wife; lot 6 and part lot 5 blk 6 Stratton's add Hartford; \$300.

F J McEntee to J W Free; lots 1 and 4 blk 2 Goble's add Gobleville; \$700.

C J Monroe et al to Thos Hughes; e 1/2 n e 1/4 n w 1/4 10 Covert; \$663.

W T Tinsworth to A E Holmes; w 1/4 n w 1/4 14 Bangor; \$1,550.

Evelyn Potts to Chas Shookman; lot 14 blk 1 Champion's add Decatur; \$225.

O F Graham to Frank Potts; lot 9 blk 2 Clark's add Decatur; \$350.

W B Crane to B M Fish and wife; 38 a n e 1/4 sec 7 Lawrence; \$1.

George Johnson to Abraham Scott; par s e 1/4 sec 36 Columbia; \$110.

Abraham Scott to Sarah Hudson; same as last above and lot on n e 1/4 sec 1 Arlington; \$110.

John Lyle to Alpheus McNitt; w 1/2 sec 6 Keeler; \$7,455.17.

Solomon Funk to Ann E Funk; 10 a n w 1/4 18 Bangor; \$1.

W H Hall to Lucinda Felt; lot 11 blk 2 Hilliard's 2d add Hartford; \$400.

J H Hall to John Lyle; n 1/2 n w 1/4 30 Porter; \$1,680.

Geo Chapman to C R Catt; par vill Bangor; \$250.

J C Cook to Guy Cheney; lot 10 blk 2 Clark's add Decatur; \$25.

W D Cook to W W Dunkelberger; lot 1 blk 3 Jones' add South Haven; \$95.

Theo Reynolds to B K Howell; lots 142 and 143 South Bangor; \$300.

Chauncey Wise et al to Mary Cobb; par s w 1/4 26 Pine Grove; \$1.

Chauncey Wise et al to Chester Cobb et al; par s w 1/4 26 Pine Grove; \$195.46.

Frank Leversee to Harry Harrington and wife; 7 a s w 1/4 s e 1/4 16 Pine Grove; \$80.

Ann E Funk to Solomon Funk; 10 a n w 1/4 18 Bangor; \$1.

Ruth A Gesler to Carrie J Sherwood; par sec 33 Columbia; \$1.

Wm Ertle to Clarissa Ertle; e 1/4 s e 1/4 13 Geneva; \$10.

T A Foley to J W Orr; s e 1/4 and s 1/2 n 1/2 s e 1/4 13 South Haven; \$1,800.

Mary M Fish to W B Crane; par n e 1/4 sec 7 Lawrence; \$1.

John Howe to Wm Gibbons; w 1/2 lot 7 Covert; \$550.

F L Charles to Ellen Johnson; lot 1 and pt lot 6 blk 3 Deerfield; \$200.

J W Hoover to Marvin Cole; lots 2 and 3 and pt lot 6 blk 2 Dodge's add Lawton; \$500.

G H Reeve to J H Dustman; w 1/2 s e 1/4 s w 1/4 15 Geneva; \$1.

A S Dyckman to F V Johnson; lots 47, 48, 49, 50 Crystal Springs add South Haven; \$200.

Susan M. Chappell to Free & Hagerman; lot 1 blk 14 Paw Paw; \$350.

A M Dresser et al to Albert Kennedy; s w 1/4 s e 1/4 s w 1/4 35 Pine Grove; \$500.

W D Cook to F S Bond et al; lot 4 blk 1 Jones' add South Haven; \$93.

Rickerson Doughty et al to J. W. Free et al; n 1/2 s w 1/4 n e 1/4 4 Paw Paw; \$200.

L S Monroe et al to F W Croft; lots 1 and 2 blk 5 Hartman's add South Haven; \$550.

Maria E P Cash to E N Cash; lot 6 blk 12 Lawrence; \$1.

Etta Sortore et al to F L Reynolds; lots 14 and 15 blk 8 Union add Lawton; \$125.

Etta Sortore et al to J E Holliday and w; lot 13 blk 8 Union add Lawton; \$125.

Jennie I Cady to Guy Cheney lot 15 blk 2 Clark's add Decatur; \$25.

G E Cheney to Thaddeus Hampton; same as last above; \$125.

G P Linderman to L B Millington; par vill Paw Paw; \$700.

O W Lee to Wm Minter and w; par sec 10 South Haven; \$300.

Lettie L Minter to O W Lee; lot vill South Haven; \$100.

G F Collett et al to Newell Wigent; par vill Hartford; \$1.

Harry Stowman et al to Modern Woodmen; lot n e cor sec 17 Waverly; \$60.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings, instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

A GOOD GUN? WELL, IT WAS!

The Knob Country Man Said So, and He Knew About It.

"I SAYS to Sam," said the man from the Knob country, "what do you want to sell the gun for? It's a good gun, ain't it?" I says.

"Good gun!" says Sam. "Well, there wa'n't never no better gun p'inted at a bear than that gun is," says Sam. "No, nor as good a one, by smoke!" says he.

"Then," I says, "what in Sam Hill do you want to sell it for? Ain't short o' money, be you?" I says.

"I knowed the gun from 'way back. It belonged first to ol' Solly Ebers, an' then it was a swivel britch, with a couple o' bar's that never barked unless they bit. I met Uncle Solly the first time he went out with it, and I says:

"Uncle Solly, where you goin'?"

"Goin' to try my swivel britch," he says.

"I don't think much ol' swivel britches," I says. "They don't lug your load fur enough to tumble things that's jest on the p'int o' gettin' outen your reach," I says.

"I noticed that Uncle Solly was prickin' up his ears while I was talkin', and I hadn't hardly got through yit when he wheels plumb around, claps the swivel britch to his shoulder, and lets her holler. I hadn't see nor heard nothin', and I think to myself that Solly was maybe jest wantin' to hear her bark, but he hadn't no more'n whanged her off in that direction than what does he do but wheel in t'other direction, clap her to his shoulder, and let her bark ag'in. Then he says, as cool as a cucumber:

"Maybe not," he says. "Maybe they can't lug your load fur enough to tumble things that's on the p'int o' gittin' outen your reach," he says, "but I bet you them two bears has got a different idee—leastways they'd have a different idee if they was in shape to have any idee at all," says he. "Come along and look at 'em," says he.

"I was so nigh gunsluttin' that I couldn't say a word. I hadn't see no bear, nor heard no bear, and I thought Uncle Solly must 'a' gone a little crazy over that new swivel britch o' his'n, but I went along. Solly led off in the direction he had let the gun go the first time, and we walked so fur that I was 'most gittin' tired, when Uncle Solly stopped and p'inted off in the brush.

"Go ask that bear what he thinks o' swivel britches luggin' loads," says he.

"There laid a slammin' big bear with a hole plumb through his gullet.

"Uncle Solly!" I says. "This is amazin'!"

"Not for this gun," says he.

"Then we went back in t'other direction, and walked just as fur if not fuder, and there lay another bear, dead'er'n a stone, with a ball clean through him.

"Was he on the p'int o' jest gittin' outen my reach or wasn't he?" says Uncle Solly.

"He hadn't been only on the p'int o' gittin' outen my reach, but he was about three rod outen all sorts o' reach of any gun I'd ever see or heard tell on afore, and I changed my mind about swivel britches. I offered Uncle Solly 15 acres o' hemlock timber land for the gun, but he wouldn't take it. He mowt begettin' 'a' done it, though, fer he died only the next week, and they raffled the swivel britch off, and Pete Goble won it. Pete owed the Widder Budd \$13, and she levied on the gun, and Pete, like the darn fool he was, let her have the gun for the debt. The Widder Budd was the meaneest and ugliest and skinniest and pepperiest woman that ever sot down in that country. Joe Sowers he tried to buy the gun of her, but she wouldn't sell, and what do you think Joe done? He married her, by flinders, jest to git that gun! Did he git it? No, sir! The widder wouldn't let him go in the woods with it, and she devilled and sot down on Joe so that he pined away, and one day snuck the gun out'n the house, took it back in the stone medder, and socked a bullet through his head with it.

"The widder had been wantin' to buy some timber land o' me, and I wouldn't sell, but a couple o' days afore we had given Joe his funer! I went down to the widder's and told her I'd sell her the timber if she'd sell me the gun.

"I don't want your dern timber," she snapped. "And I hain't got no gun!"

"I didn't durst ask her what she'd done with the gun, but I found out that she had traded it to Sim Dukes for a steer. Now, Sim Dukes never went huntin', and I couldn't see what he wanted to trade a steer for a gun for, so I mugged over to his clearin'.

"Sim," says I, "I hear you traded a steer for the widder's gun."

"Yes," says Sim. "Has he histed her yit?"

"Histed her?" I says.

"Yes," says Sim. "That's the hookin'-est and kickin'-est critter that ever pawed dirt and slung its hind feet in the air and tossed its horns," says he. "He histed that boy Jim o' mine so high t'other day that Jim hain't been outen the house since, an' he tossed Huldny Ann in the hay mow an' kep' her there for two hours 'fore we could get pitchforks enough in him to make him think there was sumpin' else wuth while besides kickin' and hookin'. So I thought maybe he mowt be just the critter that folks would like to see the widder have, and I struck up a dicker with her, and traded the steer for the gun. Seems as if he must 'a' histed her 'fore this."

"Well, Sim," says I, "I've come to buy the gun."

"Why," he says, "I s'pose you knowed that I hain't got the gun, Dan'l," says he.

"Hain't got it?" I says.

"Why, no," he says. "I s'posed you knowed that Jake Peeler had pulled off," says he.

"Pulled off what?" I says.

"Pulled off fer constable," Sim says. "I s'posed you knowed that I been wantin' to run fer constable, too, and that if Jake run there wouldn't be no use o' my running, and that I says to Jake that if he'd pull off I'd give him the gun, and that Jake said he'd pull off, and that I give him the gun and he pulled off. I s'posed you knowed that," says Sim. "I'd rather be constable than have the gun," says he.

"That made me so consarned mad that I went home and run agin Sim for constable myself, and beat him outen his boots. Then what does Sam Kriker do but marry Jake Peeler's daughter Jinnie, and Jake gives him the gun for a wedding present, and he had it ever since. So when he come round and said he wanted to sell the gun, I says to him:

"Sam," I says, "what do you want to sell the gun for? It's a good gun, ain't it?"

"Good gun?" says Sam. "Well, there wa'n't never no better gun p'inted at a bear than that gun is," says he. "No, nor as good a one, by smoke," says he.

"Then what in Sam Hill do you want to sell it for?" I says. "Ain't short o' money, be you?" I says.

"Not partic'lar," Sam says, "but I hired out to Miles Boyd to do the work on his farm, and not fer to be a minute man, by smoke! And I don't hire my gun out to Miles, not by a dern sight!" says Sam. "Now jest look a-her how things is runnin'." Only yesterday I was settin' on the back stoop up to Miles, greasin' a double harness. Miles he was doin' chores round the barnyard. His chickens was scratchin' and peckin' away, when a cheeky big hawk sweeps down from somewheres or other, and sweeps away ag'in with one o' Miles' chickens. Course I didn't see none o' this, but suddenly I heard Miles say:

"Samuel, git your gun!"

"I alluz keep my gun jest behind the kitchen door," says Sam, and when I heard Miles holler, I natur'ly runs and grabs it, and runs with it to the barnyard. As I got there Miles hollers:

"Yonder he is, gol ding him!" and he pointed up into a dead pine tree more'n a quarter of a mile away, where the hawk was settin', rippin' his dinner outen Miles' chicken. "Yonder he is!" Miles hollers. "He's got the dominick hen! Whang him, gol ding him!"

"Now," says Sam, "I wa'n't a goin' to strain that gun by whangin' a hawk that was a quarter of a mile away, and I started to sneak up a little, but the hawk must a knowed the gun, for he riz and sailed away, and in less'n two seconds he was so far that a cannon ball couldn't a overtook him. So I went back to my harness greasin', and put the gun behind the door ag'in. Miles' old woman was weedin' onions in the garden down back o' the house. I was gittin' pooty well along with my harness greasin' when I heard a squeal and a yell down in the garden, and Miles' old woman riz her voice and hollered:

"Samuel, git yer gun!"

"I grabs the gun ag'in an' pikes fer the garden. As I got there," says Sam, "the old woman she pikes out:

"Yonder he goes! Down yonder he runs, t'ords the brush lot. He's got one o' my bramer hens' chickens!" she pikes.

"It's a d'ing funny hawk to be a runnin'," I says.

"Tain't no hawk," hollers the old woman. "It's a blacksnake, and he's bigger'n a bean pole," she hollers.

"I hurried on with my gun," says Sam, "but the blacksnake got to its hidin' place, and I couldn't find him.

"I went back and put my gun behind the door," says Sam, "and took up the harness greasin' ag'in. I hadn't been at it more'n 20 minutes when Miles' boy Tommy he come runnin' up from the back medder a-hollerin':

"Samuel, git your gun!"

"I drops the harness and grabs the gun and follered Tommy down to the medder.

"There's a big groundhog got his hole in our medder," says Tommy, as we run, "an' he's eat up half o' our clover crop!"

"I sot down in that medder and watched till sundown fer that groundhog to come outen his hole, and be tore to splinters with that gun, but he never come out," says Sam, "and I shoulders my gun and went home."

"Hawks, snakes and groundhogs'll make produce on this here farm come high if things keep on," says I.

"After supper me and Miles was settin' on the back stoop smokin' our pipes when we see a man comin' on a run down the road. It was our neighbor, Job Spring. He stopped at the fence, and as soon as he could get his breath he hollered:

"Samuel, git your gun!"

"I jumps for my gun, and we run out to the fence to find out what had struck the farm now."

"A slammin' big bear has jest come outen your pasture," says Job, "and has gone inter the woods with one o' your lambs!" he says.

"Then," says Sam, "I see how things was runnin', and I says to Miles:

"Miles," says I, "this here ain't in the contract," I says, "and I git ten dollars more a month or I sell the gun!" I says.

"Miles said he'd be durned if he'd pay ten dollars more a month, and now, Dan'l," says Sam, "you know why I want to sell the gun," says he. "Dan'l," says he, "you kin have it fer nine dollars! Your chance has come at last," says he.

"Sam," says I, "ain't it too bad?" says I. "But my eyesight has got so short that I don't need a gun that shoots more'n two rod," says I.

"Cause, 'twixt me and you, I'd heard only the day afore that old swivel had gone brith burnt outrageous, and had took to kickin' wuss than Sam Dukes' steer!"—N. Y. Sun.

E. SMITH & CO.—CLOTHING.

Double-Breasted Sack Suits



are very fashionable this fall. We show them made of plain and fancy Cassimeres, Worsted and Cheviots, handsomely lined and finished. They represent some of the most careful, artistic work of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, and nearly everyone knows their reputation for producing

THE FINEST READY-MADE SUITS IN THIS COUNTRY.

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The Largest Clothiers and Furnishers in Southern Michigan.

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